

Death and Detachment by Harringrovefic

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Summary:

Not another life. Billy couldn't be responsible for another life.

"You better not die on me—Please," but he knew it was useless. Steve was as good as dead with not only the teeth of a demogorgon penetrating his chest, but two bullets courtesy of the lab facilitators as well.

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Author's Note:

Tumblr prompt filler

15 “Don’t die on me-please” 33 “He’s dead because of you”

Hope you enjoy!

Not another life. Billy couldn’t be responsible for another life.

He’s spent so long looking out for only himself that he’s forgotten what this felt like. The sweat of his palms, the heat of his neck, the constant racing of his heart as he tried to figure out what to do when he knew nothing could be done. Especially not by his own hands.

“You better not die on me—*Please*,” but he knew it was useless. Steve was as good as dead with not only the teeth of a demogorgon penetrating his chest, but two bullets courtesy of the lab facilitators as well.

He’s resentful.

As he holds a barely breathing Steve in his arms while *Max* fucking drives because Billy is still in shock and won’t let go of Steve, he feels anger and aggression seeping into him. The same anger and aggression he’s spent the past year trying to simmer. The same anger and aggression that Steve, Joyce, Hopper, and the Party loved out of him. *That* anger and aggression is coming back tenfold. His grip on Steve’s jacket tightens not because of the fifteen year old’s still reckless driving or because as each moment passes Steve’s breath becomes more and more shallow, but because it’s all he can do not to lash out on all the idiots in Harrington’s car, including Harrington himself.

This is the shit Neil was talking about. *Responsibility*. If he’d stayed away, kept his distance, continued to push people away and act like he didn’t care to the point that he actually didn’t, he wouldn’t have ended up in this shitty position. Yet another person he loved, dying because of him. He yearned to be all out of love again. As the tires

screech on the wet Earth in the dark of this horrible night, Billy wishes he was all out of love.

Billy doesn't remember getting to the hospital. Doesn't remember Hopper talking to a doctor about being discreet or how they took Steve from him and put him on a gurney, preparing him for immediate surgery as they went. He doesn't know how the black rainy streets from outside turned into the bright white walls of the hospital hallway he was currently sitting in. He doesn't remember how he got away from the rest of the kids but here he was, sitting on the hospital floor reliving that horrible night all because Steve fucking Harrington couldn't just let Billy go. Couldn't let him stay trapped inside that godawful lab when he failed the 'then get the hell out' part of their plan.

She was perfect. When Billy remembers her, he remembers she was perfect. His mom had been sick for a long time now. Before Neil forced another kid onto her after he was unsatisfied with the outcome of his first one. Now stuck with a girl, he was even more pissed. With his mom depressed and his father drunk and negligent, Billy took care of her. Ciara. His little sister. He bathed her, fed her, changed her, put her to sleep, soothed her cries. She was born in the summer and Billy feared when he would have to go back to school and leave her in this house all alone with them. He soon wished that was his biggest fear once more.

She was asleep *finally*. He laid her down in her crib and went for a shower. He was only gone twenty minutes. When he left his room clean and as refreshed as he could be, he heard her crying downstairs. He sighed and made his way to her room. He was almost to her door when she just...*stopped*. Confused, he opened the door slowly to find her in Neil's arms, limp.

He screamed until he was hoarse.
He was punched until he was sick.

"You don't say a fucking word you hear me? Not a word unless you want to watch your mother go the same way." Neil's breath was hot and putrid with alcohol against his face as he growled his words to Billy. "You should've been watching her. She was screaming her goddamn head off for *fifteen* fucking minutes! She was *your*

responsibility.” With one last blow to Billy’s head, Neil stormed off with Ciara’s limp body in tow. He never told a soul.

She’s dead because of you.

That’s what Neil was really saying. And that’s all Billy heard for months. Before he got hard. Before he put up what he thought were unbreakable walls. Before he fought, drank, and spewed hate to relieve the pain, to drown out the voices.

Billy doesn’t remember when Hopper’s warm body enveloped him. He doesn’t remember when he started crying.

“She was my sister. She was my little sister and he killed her and I couldn’t stop him.”

“Shhhh. It’s ok Billy. I’ve got you. I’ve got you son. You’re alright.”

“It’s my fault. It’s all my fault.”

“Billy?” That was Max.

“It’s all my fault. He’s dead because of me.”

“Shhh.” Hopper again. “No one’s dead yet Billy just wait it out. It’s going to be fine. No matter what happens it’s not your fault. It’s not your fault son.”

Billy relished in the safeness of Hopper’s arms, in the concern and comfort of the Party. Because it was last time he would feel this. He would learn boundaries again. He would learn distance and *discipline* again. He would learn to not love again. Billy would never be responsible for another life *ever* again.

Author's Note:

As always, find me on tumblr @harringrovefics and @maccircle